The Chestertown Transcript.

$1 00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1891. VOL. XXX—NO. 28

LEWIN W. WICKES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Chestertown, - - - - Maryland.

DR. GENESE.

Of Baltimore, will attend at Betterton every Saturday for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.

March 26, 1891.

DR. W. E. BARNARD,

—Dentist,—

has located permanently, and will be in attendance daily from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Howard, Still Pond, Md., for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.

DR. T. H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays excepted.

Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,

Chestertown Md.,

MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.

OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

D. B. STEWART COMPANY,

INCORPORATED SEPT. 25, 1890.

(Succeeding D. B. Stewart & Co., established October, 1883.)

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We solicit consignments, and by prompt attention, perseverance and energy, hope to merit a liberal share of the future shipments of our friends and the public.

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(Late of Crew & Ireland)

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—IN—

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STEVENS BROS.,

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LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE

will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES

contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU,

Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

FALL AND WINTER

DRY GOODS.

LOW AND MEDIUM-PRICED

Dress Goods

25 TO 65 CTS. FOR WOOL GOODS.
5 TO 15 CTS. FOR COTTON GOODS.

FINE DRESS GOODS

From all over the world. Range of Prices, 75 cents and up.

SILKS—BLACK AND COLORED,

In all the Fashionable Makes.
Colored, 50 cents a yard up.
Black, 75 cents a yard up.

We only sell all-Silk Goods.

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All Colors, Styles, Prices.

LACES, LACE CURTAINS.

Laces by the yard of every kind.
Lace Curtains, from $1.00 a Pair up.

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Cottons at Wholesale Prices. All Widths in the best makes.

Flannels—any Quality you may want, in Colored, White, Embroidered, Fancy.

LINENS.

Only Pure Linens sold.
Table Linen, 50 cents a yard up.
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Towels, $1.00 a dozen up.
All kinds of Linens by the yard.

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Largest variety in any Store.
Colored Blankets, all Prices.
White Blankets and Quilts for Double and Single Beds, Cribs.
Comforts—Clean Cotton and Eider Down filled.

MEN'S AND BOYS' CASSIMERES.
CLOTHS FOR SUITS, PANTS, COATS.
LADIES' DRESS CLOTHS, COATINGS,

LADIES,' MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, TIES, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES.
ALL KINDS OF FURNISHING GOODS.

WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES,
SHAWLS, NOTIONS, CORSETS,
JACKETS, WRAPS, GOSSAMERS,
AND
EVERY ARTICLE A DRY GOODS HOUSE SHOULD HAVE.

Our regular customers know us as a Fair-Dealing, One-Price House, that sells at Low Prices.

Persons ordering Samples cannot be too particular in specifying what they want, and about the Price they wish to pay.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,

23, 25 and 27 E. Baltimore St.,

NEAR LIGHT,

BALTIMORE, MD.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

STORE GOODS.

Intending to discontinue storekeeping, I will offer my ENTIRE STOCK OF STORE GOODS consisting of

Dry Goods,

CLOTHING,

GROCERIES, NOTIONS,

Hats and Caps,

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE AND CHINAWARE, HARDWARE, WOODENWARE,

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

SIX BLATCHLEY PUMPS,

LOT OF FODDER YARN, and other articles too numerous to mention, which will be sold without reserve to the highest bidders for cash. Private sales during the day. Auction sales every night until all goods are sold. This is a splendid opportunity for storekeepers to buy goods at a sacrifice.

N. LIEBERMAN,

MELITOTA, MD.

P. S.—All parties indebted to me are requested to settle their accounts by Jan. 1, 1892

NOTICE TO FARMERS!

COME AND SEE THE NEW

CHAMPION MACHINE!

Before you buy. I will give you just what you want for Harvest. The Champion only eight cogs on the Binder and two on the six-foot-cut Mower. Repairs on hand for the old Champion.

Plow Castings

for all kinds of Plows, and Repairs for all kinds of Machinery.

Road Wagons, Carts, Farm Wagons

and all kinds of Agricultural Implements

AT LOW PRICES.

Yours truly,

J. C. WALTERS,

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200,000 Peach Trees!

For the Coming Fall and Spring of 1892

These trees are grown from seed guaranteed to be Natural, produced from districts where there are no signs of disease. An inspection of my stock is cordially invited.

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of all the Leading Varieties,

Also, Asparagus Crowns, Small Fruits, Vegetable Plants Quicks, etc., etc.

There being a prospect for a large demand for pears, it would be well for planters to place their orders early. Address

R. G. NICHOLSON,

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Have Your Dealer Supply You With

LEA'S FLOUR,

FARINA,

TABLE CORN MEAL,

HOMINY,

Hominy Grits.

THE WM. LEA & SONS CO.,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Catarrh

Is a complaint so common that comparatively few people are entirely free from it, so insidious that it gains a firm hold almost before its victims are aware of its presence, so dangerous as to seriously threaten the general health, and liable to develop into bronchitis or

Consumption.

It is a mistake to consider Catarrh merely a local trouble. It is unquestionably a disease of the blood, and therefore the right way to cure Catarrh is to remove from the blood the impurities which cause and feed it. This is to be done by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, which effectually expels all traces of poison and germs of disease.

"I have been troubled for years with

Catarrh

and have never received the least benefit from the many so-called catarrh cures. Of late I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and can honestly say that I am certainly improved. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a good medicine." H. A. GEORGE, Athol, Mass.

Stuffed-up Feeling.

"For years I have been troubled with that terrible disagreeable disease, Catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stuffed-up feeling." Mrs. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier, the best nerve helper, the best strength builder. Try it.

HOOD'S PILLS—For the liver and bowels, act easily, promptly, efficiently. Price 25c.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Sheep Dip or Thymo-Cresol,

Known also as "THE COLD WATER DIP," is a very highly concentrated fluid preparation, absolutely non-poisonous, and which mixes instantly and thoroughly with water of any temperature, forming a milky liquid, which, for cheapness, convenience, safety and efficiency, is unrivaled as a Sheep-Dip, Cattle-Wash, Insecticide, Disinfectant, etc. One or two applications in a year to Sheep not only keep them in health, but also increase the growth and improve the quality of the fleece to a surprising degree.

For Ticks, Lice, Scab, Mange, Screw-Worms, Thrush, Scratches, Wounds, &c.

For all Skin troubles, and for ridding all kinds of Live Stock from parasites, it has no equal. It is also wonderfully effective in many infectious and contagious diseases, such as

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA, SWINE PLAGUE, CHICKEN-CHOLERA,

In such cases it is administered internally as well as externally. It is used and recommended by the leading Veterinarians in both hemispheres. Its uses upon a Farm are innumerable. Hon. John E. Russell, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts, writes, under date of October, 1886, "Your DIP is not only excellent for Sheep, Dogs, Fowls, etc., but it is the best possible dressing for diseased hoofs of horses. I have used it for thrush, bruises of the sole, and wounds, with great effect. It is also an excellent stimulant for the coronet, to increase the growth of the hoof, in cases of contraction and slow growth. If I did not keep Sheep, I should have it on hand for stable use."

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No. 108 E. Baltimore St. and No. 6 North Ave., Balto., Md.

—FOR SALE IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT BY—

R. F. PARKS, C. F. STAM, M. A. TOULSON,

Chestertown, Maryland.

Nov. 5, 1891—y.

JUST OUT----A New and Splendid Companion

FOR FARMERS!

An Improved Spring-Tooth Harrow

Steel Frame, elevated throughout its entire length and every tooth riding on a saddle, thus making it the LIGHTEST DRAUGHT HARROW on the market. No two teeth following each other and thereby thoroughly pulverizing the ground. The new Pivoting Frictional Tooth-holder permits the wearing of the Entire Length of the Tooth. Upon an examination we feel that the most skeptical will be convinced that we have the FINEST HARROW YET INVENTED.

Plows and Plow Castings.

We are Agents for the SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW, with the Improved Jointer. We furnish Castings for the South Bend and the Remington Plows. Ropes, Traces, Chain Traces, Hames, Hame Strings, Straps, Plow Lines, Back Bands.

☞ Don't forget we are prepared to do Roofing, Spouting and all kinds of Tin Work at short notice and at prices as Low as the Lowest.

J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.,

April 9, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

McDonnell's Specialties

IN STOCK.

In addition to a full line of First-Class Staple

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

I have placed in stock a number of specialties particularly suited for the heated term of the summer months, embracing a full line of fine

CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO

—AND—

CIGARETTES!

Indeed, I am the only dealer in Kent county licensed to sell this hot-weather luxury—the Cigarette. A full line of choice brands of both Cigars and Cigarettes will be kept constantly on hand.

Agency for the famous LA BUENA CIGARS. Best 5c. Cigar in America. Try it. Cigars from 1c. to 10c. each. All grades of Tobacco from 20c. to $1.25 per pound.

A FULL STOCK OF NEW FRUIT

now on hand.

A full assortment of Fancy Cakes, Crackers, Nuts, etc.; Smoking Articles and fine grades of Smoking Tobacco. Prices graded to meet the depressed times. Respectfully,

W. S. McDONNELL.

COAL and WOOD.

Orders in Any Quantities Left at D. A. Bacchus' Grocery Store, or

At J. D. Bacchus' Yard,

WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

At Prices Guaranteed to be as ow as the Lowest.

Building and Whitewash Lime,

CEMENT AND PLASTERING HAIR

☞ AT CITY PRICES. ☜

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

Delivered at any station on the Balto. and Del. Bay R. R. at Low Figures.

☞ Come and see us before buying.

J. D. BACCHUS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE TRANSCRIPT $1.00 per year.

THANKSGIVING THANKS!

BY WILL J. LAMPTON.

We're thankful for the things we eat,
The oysters with the turkey meat,
The health we have, the sweet content
With blessings which to us are sent;
The golden, glorious pumpkin pies,
The hope of heaven beyond the skies;
The sweet potatoes, piping hot,
The clustered blue forgetmenot;
The celery crisp and cold and white,
The chicken gravy, seasoned right;
The royal pones of sweet corn bread,
The righteous sleep of all our dead;
The yellow beet, the parsnip brown,
The cross that must precede the crown;
The butter served in pots of gold,
On pancakes of heroic mold;
The wide expanse of all things good,
Nowise less toothsome, though they're rude.
And last of all, our dinner done,
We hasten to give thanks as one
Who feels that thanks are more than due
For medicine to pull him through.

A GLAD THANKSGIVING

She was a pretty woman. In fact she had just stopped short of being beautiful. Looking at her in her shabby gown and unbeautiful surroundings one could not help wondering how she would look dressed as handsomely as the woman who lived across the way from her—the woman who never succeeded in looking any way but ordinary and common-place, in spite of all the helpful accessories of the toilet.

She remembered; she could call up very bright pictures of herself in the days when pretty gowns and dainty laces were her portion.

Now she was only a dressmaker. Only, I say, as if in these days of high art in dress that were not enough; but, then, she had not grown up in it, and she lived in a country town, far from the centres of art and fashion.

It was only after her unhappy marriage that she had taken a stitch for anybody. Then, being driven to do something to provide bread and butter for herself and her one child, dear little Ned, she turned to this. She had taste, a good eye for form and color, and what the Yankees call faculty. She was resolute and strong and patient, as well as kindly and sweet of temper, so with the help of "ladies' books," and cut paper patterns, and her own "knack" she succeeded in attaining a proficiency that answered all the demands of the dwellers of Kingsley.

She had just finished a gown, and it was be sent home that night—the night before Thanksgiving. The room seemed more than usually disordered, and as she tied the package, which she was to take home in the evening, it seemed to her, so tired was she, as though she never could bring order out of the confusion. She felt sure for a moment that she really could not make any attempt at Thanksgiving.

She had promised Ned there should at least be a chicken pie. He did not insist upon turkey or oysters, but he had very decided opinions as to the qualities of the chicken pies that his mother made. All this afternoon he had been teasing her with childish, unthinking persistence to leave the window where she sat and come over to his window. These two windows were in different ends of the room and represented two different states and conditions of being. One looked out on a little yard green with grass and gay with a climbing rose in summer weather. By this window stood a rocking chair, and nearby a table with a big photograph album, a few books and a pretty shaded lamp. There was a well worn, but clean, cheerful looking ingrain carpet on this end of the long room, a comfortable lounge with a number of gayly covered pillows upon it. There were Ned's little chais, the bird cage and two or three pictures—not very choice ones, but they gave pleasure, and that is more than many choice ones do. There are fans tacked up against the wall and a stuffed owl on the shelf, likewise a set of swinging shelves also filled with books. Not much time had she for reading, but there was an odd minute now and then, and Ruth Gray was a woman who made use of the odd minutes.

The other end of the room, and the one wherein Ruth spent most of her time, was the business end. Here were the sewing machine, the kitchen table, the few common chairs, the rag carpet and the wonderful brand new coal stove that was both parlor and cooking stove in one—a recent acquisition and one they had not yet ceased admiring. It would do most remarkable things in the way of cooking. It possessed hidden and marvelous resources, and above its adaptation to the needs of housekeeping it had a most dignified and at the same time cheerful exterior. It was a great delight. So one end of the humble room meant work—steady, hard, nerve-trying work; the other meant rest and relaxation, or, as Ned said, "a good time." No wonder he liked to get his mother over the line that divided these two sections.

On this special day he had been particularly "trying." He seemed to develop a new and alarming faculty in devising cunning mischiefs, but he had finally exhausted himself. When Ruth turned from one kind of work to begin the process of picking up and arranging the fragment-strewn room, she found the restless little fellow curled up in a little heap on the braided rug before the stove, where, with the long suffering kitty in a close embrace, he had fallen asleep. Tenderly she raised him and kissed the rosy cheek and sunny curly hair. Yes, she had something to give thanks for. Out of her sea of sorrow she had saved this pearl.

She didn't like holidays, and above all she had an unconquerable aversion to Thanksgiving Day. Not from ingratitude, for she was a devout and thankful woman; but because the chief sorrows of her life had happened—if anything ever really happens—on the day set apart by the authority of the land for good cheer and gratitude.

She thought about it as she proceeded to make preparations for observing the day in a fashion that should meet Ned's approval. She had followed father and mother to their graves on a long past Thanksgiving day; she had quarreled with and parted from the only man she had ever truly loved on that gala day of the year; she had married James Gray, when, the next year, the songs of thanksgiving and praise came from grateful hearts. She dreaded each return of the day, fearing lest it should bring her some new sorrow. She looked at the flushed cheeks of her little boy with a sharp pain. What if she were to lose her only delight and joy on her fateful day? But when he opened his eyes and declared himself as hungry as a bear her fears vanished.

"I say, mamma," he cried, "let's begin Thanksgiving to-night. Let's have a nice supper. I'm so hungry. Then let's have some popcorn and—" he paused as if trying to originate some new dissipation—"let's make some candy. You know, mamma, we haven't made any on the new stove yet, and maybe we can't do that. I'm so tired of not doing anything nice—ain't you?"

"Yes, dear, I'm more tired than I can tell," and sudden tears dimmed her eyes.

"Don't cry: oh, don't cry, mamma! Please don't. I really think," added the wise little fellow, "that you need a little more fun—don't you?"

"I think I do. You are wiser than you know, my dear."

"Then let's have some molasses candy."

Ruth laughed at the child's logic. She needed "fun," therefore she needed molasses candy. Then she resolved that the dear child who found his sunshine or shade in her eyes should have his "fun," though memories heavy and dark were thronging upon her. So they made a jolly supper. The wonderful stove baked the sweet potatoes to a turn; they made no demand upon it to which it did not respond.

Then the lamp shone with ususual brilliance; mamma had brushed her pretty hair till the little sunny rings lay all around the fair, white forehead, and she had, just to please Ned, put on the pretty cardinal wrapper, and Ned declared there wasn't a prettier lady in the land.

Then came the candy making and corn popping. Again the little stove proved itself a success.

"How jolly it is, isn't it, mamma?" cried the child.

"Very jolly, dear," said the brave little mother, remembering an evening ten years agone, as gay as heart could wish, followed by a day the darkest she had ever known. She had never seen John Sherman since the hour when she had sent away from her the strong arm and the strong, true heart.

But in spite of the heartache, she told over and over the stories she had told a thousand times before, and sang the little songs Ned liked to hear, until, as the clock struck, she said: "Do you know, my dear, that it is 8 o'clock, and I must run down to Mrs. Green's with her dress. She couldn't keep Thanksgiving without it; half her praises would be left out if could not sing them in a velvet gown. So you just sit right here in this chair. I will not be gone more than twenty minutes; you can stay alone that little bit of awhile, can't you?"

It was a brave little voice that answered "Of course I can. I'll just think about the farm and horses. I think I'll have gray horses, anyway."

Ruth threw a long black cloak over her bright gown. It covered up her shabbiness, did this friendly wrap, when from her work she had to run to market, and now it covered her unwonted gay attire. She had a passion for color; rich, warm hues thrilled her like music. She said she felt like another woman when dressed in the glowing, rich, warm cardinal wrapper with its flowing folds. Always when Ned wished some indulgence which she felt obliged to deny him, he would say, "I know you'd say yes, mamma, if you had on a pretty dress or a pretty ribbon at your throat."

As she hastened down the street with her bundle, in the face of the keen November wind, she thought of all her broken dreams of the weary years passed by the side of the man who made every hour a torture, of his wretched life and more wretched death, of the one who, somewhere in the world widely different from her own—lived forgetful of her.

She thought of the years to come—weary, lonely years she thought they must be, yet she wanted to live them. For the sake of the child she prayed to live. She prayed, too, that her trials might not make her hard or bitter.

On the way home she stopped at the grocer's and made various little additions to their prospective Thanksgiving dinner. The fresh air invigorated and exhilarated her, and by the time she reached her own gate she raised grateful eyes to the stars that shone so brightly above her. "They are always there," she said reverently, "however dark it seems. God is good. His tender mercies are over all His works, and what is best for me He will not withhold."

She went up the walk saying softly to herself that restful poem of Burroughs:

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The dews fall on the thirsty lea;
Nor time nor space nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And gathered up the fruit of tears.

The room looked very pleasant to her as she opened the door—the bright light, the brighter fire, and sweetest, fairest sight of all, her boy curled up in the rocker fast asleep. He roused at her coming. She had just loosened the fleecy crimson cloud around her head and unclasped the cloak, when there came a rap at the door. Quick as a flash came the thought, "There's something wrong with the dress—a button to move or a seam to take in the hundredth part of an inch.

She opened the door. No package was thrust in her hands, no small boy was there with a disagreeable errand on his lips. Instead, a tall man, bronzed and bearded, stood without.

"Come in," she said, in reply to his inquiry if Mrs Gray lived there.

In he stepped, tall, strong and broad shouldered; the room seemed smaller for his entrance. Even Ruth, who was a tall woman, looked slight and girlish beside him. How lovely she looked as she stood waiting, wondering. The fresh wind had brought a beautiful color to her cheeks and blown the rings of sunny hair into charming disarray around her forehead. The bright light shone on the warm hued dress, and the man who stood gazing at her thought that for many a year he had not seen so fair a sight. It was only a moment, but thought is not measured by time. In that instant's space they both went back to that night ten years past—the saddest they had ever known, for it held the secret of all the pain the after years brought.

"You know me, Ruth?" he said, holding out his hands to her. "Surely you have not forgotten."

"Not for a moment have I forgotten," she said, and then little Ned, who had been looking on in silent wonder, seemed to feel that the occasion demanded his attention.

"Stop," he cried, "you shant kiss my mamma! You shan't I say. You bad man!"

It took some coaxing on the part of the tall stranger to appease the child's wrath, and not till his mamma told him that she was not the least angry with the bad man did his anger abate.

But it was not long before he sat on the stranger's knees, and told him confidentially that his mother was the nicest, sweetest, prettiest woman in the world. When the stranger agreed to this he further confided his plans for the future, stating his uncertainty in regard to black and gray horses.

He also, in the excess of his confidence, told him they were to have chicken pie for dinner the next day. After which piece of information he was carried off to his dreams.

Opening his sleepy eyes for his good night kiss, he murmured, "Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day sure, won't it, mamma.

"Yes, darling; tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day sure," she said.

Then those two so long parted sat by the fire, and above their mutual forgiveness and sorrow for the past planned a future that should hold in it something of the joy and sweet content they had missed.

"Isn't it too late, John?" she asked. "I have had so much sorrow. I am so different from the gay girl you loved ten years ago. My eyes have shed so many tears and there have been so many hurts in my heart. Why, see," she said, "there are gray hairs here," and she bowed her pretty head before his eyes.

For answer he kissed the bright hair, saying: "You are different from the girl who sent me away ten years ago, but you are changed only in being sweeter and tenderer and more lovely. You shall shed no more tears if I can help it. and the hurts in your heart love shall heal. We are going to be happier than the day is long my darling."

"I am so glad," she said, "that I am going to have one glad Thanksgiving day. They have always been such sad days to me. We will begin the songs of joy and gratitude tonight, John."

"Yes, the glad year round!" said she.

—CARLOTTA PERRY, in *New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

BEHIND STONE WALLS.

A Gleam of Sunshine That Crept in on Thanksgiving Morn.

A great room filled with plain benches; a platform on which there is a desk and a parlor organ; light streaming in from queer barred windows far up the whitewashed walls; an air of repression even in the solitary fly buzzing about; a silence almost visible filling the whole space.

A door near the platform opens and a bushy whiskered man enters. He escorts up the steps to seats back of the organ and desk a number of ladies and gentlemen. He carries a heavy cane which he grips tightly as he returns to the door where four stalwart fellows also armed with canes are ranged. He asks them some questions to which they nod assent, and then remounting the platform pressed a button in the wall. A bell clangs responsive to his touch, the great gates at the other end of the apartment swing wide, and there march in a thousand men whose heads are downcast, whose faces are clean shaven and whose garments are alike as to every detail.

The right hand of each rests on the shoulder of the person just in front of him, and the step of the multitude is synchronous. At the word of command each company takes a certain aisle and goes to designated seats. All about in the passageways are more people with canes. Another touch of the electric bell and the big entrance closes. Six guards armed with revolvers have their stations there.

The bushy whiskered man motions to his companions on the platform. A lady seats herself at the organ, the others cluster about her, and in a moment the room is filled with melody. Patriotic songs follow old-fashioned hymns. Then the village pastor sends up a petition to heaven on behalf of those assembled, and follows his prayer with a short address, touching in its tenderness and appeal. Again the bushy whiskered man comes into prominence. He stands by the desk and says:

"Men, since I have been warden of this prison I have never known a twelve month in which greater order and good discipline have prevailed than in the one just ended. I wish to show that I appreciate your obedience. After dinner the remainder of the day is yours. You may talk, smoke and sing as much as you like, and each corridor in succession will be granted the freedom of the yards for exercise. Guard 12, direct convict 1,132 to step this way."

At the order a man still young, but with ineffable sadness on his face, walks to the front. He stands silently before the warden who continues:

"I think you all know and like this man. He has nursed you in sickness, advised you against foolish outbreaks, and, although never a talebearer or spy, has greatly aided the keepers and myself in elevating the tone of the prison and in rendering somewhat tolerable the restraint the law has placed upon you. James Wharton," he went on, turning to the man before him, "you are no longer 1,132; you are a free citizen of the United States, with all your rights restored. The governor has granted you a full pardon; your wife, mother and children wait for you in the office; the big farm wagon is out the wall gates, and this afternoon you may eat your dinner in the old country house where you were born."

The assemblage comes as near applauding as it dares, the organ strikes up "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and James Wharton falls fainting to the floor."

Unnumbered Mercies.

We have reached the period of the annual Thanksgiving. Let us remember that just as far away in the deep blue spaces of the heavens above us unnumbered worlds unite to form the shining expanse, many of which can never appear distinctly to the view of the observer, so it is with each individual life. Unnumbered mercies fill the broad skies above us, all derived from the one source of love, all demanding of us continued and adoring praise.—*Christian Advocate.*

"It leads them all," is the general reply of druggists when asked about the merits or sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

When We Should Put Out of Sight Everthing Disagreeable.

Three thousand years ago Moses instructed the Israelites to keep a feast after they got established in the Holy Land. They called it the feast of the tabernacles, and for eight days following the close of the harvest they dwelt in booths made chiefly of green boughs, and feasted on corn, wine, oil and fruits.

The Greeks had a nine days' feast of similar character, and the Romans also had one in honor of Ceres, goddess of grain.

The Saxons had a harvest home, and after them the English. Our Thanksgiving comes from the Puritans, and it will be noted that, like all its predecessors, the observance bore special reference to the harvest, and, if the harvest failed, there was no Thanksgiving. We have outgrown that narrow view of the day, and it is safe to say that Thanksgiving day will never be omitted again, no matter what calamity falls on the country.

We have discovered that there is always something to be thankful for. Sorrow and disappointment come to all, but there is no life so dark that it is without one ray of sunshine. If you have nothing else, you are to be thankful for life itself.

Did you ever think what it is not to have a single friend in the world? There may be such persons somewhere, and can you not be thankful that you have friends and relatives?

Life is mostly struggle and strife, and that is why we should look on the bright side as often as possible.

Thanksgiving day is the period when we should put out of sight everything that is not bright and joyful. It is the day when, if any of your friends or relations are estranged from you, it is your duty to hunt them up and effect a reconciliation. Bid them to your Thanksgiving feast and forgive and be forgiven.

True philosophy means to make the best of everthing. Give thanks for what you have and forget what you have not. For one day only look on the bright side of life and give thanks with all your heart and soul, and you will have your reward in a feeling of happiness that will remain with you for many a day.—*Golden Days.*

A Pageant of Autumnal Beauty.

For several autumns I made a lecturing expedition to the far west; and one autumn, about this time, I saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Cropsey and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming up into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig, then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down, and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of Divine glory had dashed its surf to the tiptop of the Alleghanies, and then had come dripping down to lowest leaf and deepest cavern.—REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Rustle of the Falling Leaves.

What a mighty lesson there is in the falling leaves of the autumn. Verily, "we all do fade as a leaf." Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which in a week or two will feel the frost, have, day by day, been changing in tint, and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the fist of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that this beautiful leaf—which one of my children has brought to me and laid on my desk—took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After awhile, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched. So, gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change, but the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold; now a season of over-fatigue; now a fever; now a stitch in the side; now a neuralgia thrust; now a rheumatic twinge; now a fall. Little by little; pain by pain; less steady of limb; sight not so clear; ear not so alert. After awhile we take a stiff; then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—gradually. As the falling leaves of autumn, so truly are we.—REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

To Be Thankful For.

Be thankful that no speculator has thought to corner the cranbrery crop or the turkey product of the land.

Rejoice that so far not more than 90 per cent. of the college foot-ball players have been seriously crippled in the pursuit of sport.

Rejoice that the spirit of progress that sneers at the doings of our fathers has not yet been able to effect that mince pie of our mothers.—*Exchange.*

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